

## **Eighteen by Introvertia**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Fluff and Angst, M/M, Underage Drinking

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-01-16

**Updated:** 2018-01-16

**Packaged:** 2022-04-20 16:22:39

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 5,389

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Harringrove.

Welcome to my first official attempt at Fluff and Angst.

Billy is eighteen now and moving out in the middle of the night. He wants to celebrate his freedom with a drink so he drives over to Carterville where he's heard there's a bar that serves minors.

## Eighteen

“So you’re just going.” Max’s voice came out a little shrill.

“What’s it look like to you?” Billy shook his head walking around her.

“Like you’re bailing, I guess. I mean, what are you going to do? For food, and where are you going to live?”

“I’ll get a job, I’ll live in my car.”

“Doing what? You’re gonna freeze.”

“Whatever.”

“Just stay, I mean, you should get a job first, right?”

“If I’m going to work and pay someone rent, it’s not going to be *him*.” Billy put his duffle bag in the passenger seat, he hadn’t meant to wake up Max but she’d heard him and gotten out of bed, she’d shadowed him out to the carport before she started peppering him with questions.

“What about school?”

“What about school, I’ll finish it and then move the fuck out of Hawkins.”

“So you’re not like, *leaving* , leaving, you’ll be around.”

“Maybe, I don’t know. I was thinking about transferring.”

“But you can’t,” Max struggled for reasons, “your GPA is really good, so you should just stick out a couple more months and stay.”

“Max.” Billy sighed, his breath clouding the air. She was standing by

his car with her heavy coat on over her pajamas, she was doing her best to conceal her shivering. Billy squinted at her, she was so small, and angry, he worried sometimes she'd turn into him under Neil's roof. She frowned at him, making him admire her ferocity, she was tough, that was good.

"Get in the house shitbird, I'll pick you up for school on Monday morning."

"You swear?" She lifted her chin, her eyes looked glossy.

"What did I say?" Billy asked gently.

"That you'll pick me up."

"Okay."

"Okay." Max echoed.

"Get in the house, you're going to get sick." Billy opened his car door, leaving was suddenly hard.

"Billy, Happy Birthday." Max's tone was subdued and sincere.

"Yeah, thanks." It came out a little monotone, but he meant it. Billy glanced at his watch, it 12:03 AM officially the beginning of his 18th year. Billy got in his car and took it out of park and set in neutral, it was something he'd done many times before when he wanted to get away without disturbing his asshole father. He glanced in the rearview mirror and could see Max watching him, she turned and walked back to the house. Once Billy was about two and a half properties away he started the engine.

Billy had been smuggling things into his car for the last week, he didn't have much, but the trunk and half the back seat were pretty full. He didn't want to go back, not to live there, he'd still pick up and drop off Max, if Neil and Susan didn't totally freak about him leaving without saying goodbye. Billy felt a twinge of frustration, things were getting better between him and Max, and now he was abandoning her, but Neil was different with her, and she had her

little nerd buddies to look out of her. Billy had a sycophant and a few people that liked him when he did cool or entertaining things, or helped them win a game, but he knew they still considered him an outsider, a lot of the guys were jealous, and a few of the girls were into him, but it felt... empty. Billy breezed through a stop sign, the only life in Hawkins at this hour would be around the main strip, if there was a midnight movie, which was only one Friday a month, Billy could never remember if it was the second or the fourth Friday. He wanted to buy smokes, but everything was closed and he needed to save his money anyways. He fished out the last bent cigarette from his pack and lit it, he took a slow drag and felt his stomach knot. He was really on his own now.

There was a bar in Carterville, rumor had it that minors could get in there if you didn't get drunk or make a fuss they'd let it slide. Tommy had mentioned it once only to later admit that he'd never tried to get in. Billy sped along the highway, it was a twenty minute drive at the speed he was going. Carterville wasn't much bigger than Hawkins as far as Billy knew. He drove down the main drag it was both alien and yet strangely familiar with the basics, a diner, a hardware store, an electronics store, a bank... Indiana was a hall of mirrors, little towns and country roads, one after the other reflecting back on themselves. Billy turned up his stereo, an eighteenth birthday might be primetime for an existential crisis, but he was going to find that bar first. It was at the end of the strip, he'd passed it once already but spotted it with its outdated sign in loopy red neon letters that read simply *Cocktails* , the bottle bottom windows were illuminated from within glowing pale green and blue. Billy pulled into the gravel covered lot. He counted roughly three trucks, four motorcycles and a sedan way off on the other end of the parking lot. Didn't look like it was busy, but it also looked small. He drew a breath, feeling a little weird about trying to sneak into a bar alone and on his birthday. He got out of the car and finished off his smoke as he walked to the front door, he pulled it opened and breezed in like he'd done it a hundred times before. He spotted the bar and made a beeline for an empty stool and pulled out his wallet. The bartender didn't look old enough to drink, Billy thought that was a good sign.

“Miller.” Billy said after a quick glance at what was on tap.

“ID.” The bartender replied. Billy felt his heart drop to his guts.

“He’s with me, put it on my tab.”

“Sure thing, Steve.”

Billy looked over to his left and there was Harrington holding a half empty tumbler of amber liquid, he nonchalantly tilted his head back and drained it, his eyes on Billy the whole time.

“Harrington?” Billy who was seldom at a loss for snark let alone words, couldn’t think of anything else to say.

“Can you get me another, Connor?”

“You bet.”

Connor the baby faced bartender pulled Billy’s beer, his eyes on Steve, but he wasn’t just looking at Steve he was eating him up with his eyes. Steve casually looked at Connor, the corner of his mouth twisting up, and then turned his full attention back to Billy.

“Is this your first visit to Carterville?”

“That’s not that far from asking me if I come here often.” Billy said flatly, then glanced at Connor who wasn’t looking up but his eyebrows twitched.

“Connor would already know you’re old enough to drink if you came here often.” Steve smiled, unperturbed by Billy’s snotty reply to his question.

“I just drove over for shits and giggles, you know there’s not much going on in Hawkins, your precious hometown.” Billy felt his cheeks heating, he felt out of his element and like he’d walked in on a private situation, Connor and Steve seemed to have a secret language, like they both knew something Billy didn’t. Steve rested his hand on the small of Billy’s back and breathed into his ear, his breath was hot and pleasantly whiskey tainted.

"Come on, I've got a booth." Steve's lips brushed Billy's ear making his stomach quiver.

"Whatever." Billy uttered in acquiescence.

"Connor, how about two tequila shots?"

"Now you're talking." Connor handed Billy his beer and Steve's whiskey, and picked up an expensive looking bottle of tequila.

"Have a shot with me, Hargrove." Steve's hand moved from Billy's back and briefly traced the cleft of his ass. Billy swallowed, he stood still in disbelief he'd never realized how thin the fabric of his jeans were, he cleared his throat.

"Yeah."

Connor set the shots down and Steve picked them up, he smiled at Billy and walked towards a booth. Billy followed with the beer and whiskey, he looked around the bar for the first time. Two pool tables were occupied by guys with matching leather jackets draped over their barstools, one of them had tattoos on his knuckles another had a jaguar crawling up the side of his neck. There were a few barflies that looked like farm hands, a young couple in a booth and some serious bumpkins playing darts. No one seemed to pay them any mind and Billy couldn't help but see that he and Steve stood out, young, clean and better dressed than everyone, and if Billy felt like he was better dressed than everyone it made him feel a little on edge. The place was low lit, the only significant lighting was over the bar, the pool tables and the dart board, everything looked faded and threadbare, but also very clean. Steve slid into a corner booth, it was the darkest corner of the bar, which made Billy feel more at ease, he slid in on the opposite side.

"Here's one for you." Steve reached across the small table and planted a shot glass in front of Billy, after he set it down Steve stuck his index finger in his mouth and sucked off a bit of tequila, he wasn't looking at Billy when he did it, but Billy wondered if it had been for his benefit, he kind of hoped that it had.

"Two for me, and one more for you." Steve slid his whiskey closer

and tapped the tumbler to Billy's beer glass.

"Let's let bygones be bygones." Steve smiled and raised his glass at Billy and poured his whiskey back. Billy picked up the beer glass, he felt a heavy blanket of guilt fall over his shoulders thinking about last November when he had unleashed his fury on Steve, but only nodded and drained his glass as he looked Steve in the eye.

Steve put down his empty tumbler and watched Billy's beer vanish, his dark lashes low over his sapphire eyes. Steve fished out two cigarettes and lit them both, he reached across the table offering one to Billy. Billy accepted it and took a drag.

"Is this your secret spot?"

"It's not really a secret, but yeah, I come here sometimes. More so since..."

"Since you got dumped?" Billy said it out of spite, but wished he hadn't, Steve's brow twitched and the lightness of his expression faded a little.

"Yep." Steve shrugged and picked up the shot glass of tequila, he turned it in his fingers.

"Plenty of bitches in the sea..." Steve mimicked without ire and rested his chin in his hand looking at Billy, "Should we drink to that or something else?"

"How about eighteen."

"The number eighteen?" Steve furrowed his brow, he cocked his head. Billy had never seen Steve look so goofy and charming his thick hair was listing to the side, his cheeks were rosey, the boy was clearly thinking hard and much more drunk than he'd originally let on.

"Yeah." Billy nodded and threw the drink back, Steve followed suit.

"Holy shit. Happy Birthday!" Steve sat up pointing at Billy, "Am I right? I'm right." Steve nodded smiling, he scooted along the U shaped booth till they were hip to hip and threw his arm around Billy's shoulders and jostled him.

“Happy Birthday!” Steve squeezed his shoulders. Billy snorted out a laugh, it was the most exuberant happy birthday he’d gotten in years, combined with a genuine wide grin and Steve’s big excited dancing eyes, for a moment Billy felt like he was happy it was his birthday.

“How long have you been drinking?” Billy asked softly, he was suddenly aware of how close they were, and how much he liked it. Steve shrugged and set down his empty shot glass. He counted on his fingers, and then looked at his watch.

“I guess, well, I got here at 11:30 and it’s a quarter to 1AM now, so I’ve been drinking... for a little over two hours and this was my...” Steve squinted tapping the lip of the shot glass, his other arm still draped across Billy’s shoulders, his fingers tapping along the jukebox music, “Sixth drink, yeah.”

“I heard they serve minors here, but I didn’t think they served them that well.”

“Well, they don’t, they serve me, or I should say Connor serves me, and you’re lucky I’m here.” Steve said in whispery confidence.

“How do you know Connor?” Billy asked casually, he looked over at the bartender who was leaning and smoking talking to a middle aged mom type, the kind that were putty in Billy’s hands, he decided then and there that he didn’t like Connor.

“I ran into him at a party at Lake Jordan last summer.” Steve gently withdrew his arm, and started to slide out of the booth.

“How about another one, on me.”

“You don’t have to buy me drinks, Harrington.” Billy grumbled.

“Uh, yeah, I do. It’s your birthday!” Steve walked over to the bar and Connor. Billy checked out Steve’s ass for the hundredth time, he never dreamt that he’d be sitting in a cozy dive bar on his eighteenth birthday with Steve Harrington buying him drinks. He closed his eyes, for a moment, remembering his mom bringing him pancakes in bed on his 12th birthday, she’d put birthday candles in it, and instead of driving him to school she drove him to Disneyland, it had been



their secret, Neil would never have approved, it had been a great birthday, just the two of them running around eating junk food, just him and his mom.

Billy opened his eyes when he heard drinks land on the table, two beers and two tumblers of whiskey were set down, Steve had a bag of chips and a bag of pretzels in his teeth and little bowl of peanuts resting on top of a beer glass.

"I mean it's your birthday, we gotta have snacks!" Steve said letting the bags fall out of his mouth onto the table.

"What, no popcorn?" Billy teased, he surprised himself and laughed as Steve's eyes went large in momentary distress, "I've never seen you drunk." Billy observed, but omitted the thought that it was kind of endearing.

"Yeah, well, here I am." Steve slid in right next to him, he even felt a little closer than the last time.

Billy scooped up a handful of peanuts and poured them in his mouth. He watched as Steve bit open the chips and then the pretzel bag and set them on the table before Billy like offerings. Billy plucked out a potato chip and munched it. He could feel Steve looking at him.

"So you just drive over to Carterville and hang out when Connor's working."

"Not all the time, but you know, on occasion. Sometimes, sometimes I bring my homework. Like, it's not a secret that I'm not twenty-one, Connor's dad owns the place, so you know, it makes it easier to turn a blind eye to me or whatever."

"He's not blind to you." Billy picked up his beer glass, he wasn't sure if he should have said it, but it was too late now. Steve leaned close to him again, whispering in his ear.

"If you mean he's looking at me like he wants me fuck him, it's because I have." Steve's hand slid between Billy's thighs and squeezed slowly his thumb pressing into the soft muscle of Billy left thigh. Billy set down his drink with a bit of a tremor in hand and rested his right hand on Steve's, he'd just learned quite a bit about

Steve in a very short time.

“You *fucked* him?” Billy’s voice came out husky and nearly faded out to nothing at the end, picked up his beer again and took a long drink.

“A couple times, nothing, eh, serious, he’s not, he’s not into... *relationships* .” Steve’s thumb gently stroked under Billy’s hand. Billy could feel his brain going soft and his dick going hard. Billy reluctantly peeled Steve’s hand away, he couldn’t believe what he was about to say.

“Maybe we should talk about something else.”

“Am I making you uncomfortable, Hargrove?” Steve’s eyes searched Billy’s, a small devilish smile was creeping across his lips.

“What, no.” Billy rolled his eyes and snorted, Steve’s shining gaze was still burning into him.

“You’re drunk and you’re talking about shit that could get you killed.”

“Are you going to kill me for fucking another guy?” Steve stage whispered.

“No.” Billy felt himself getting angry, he didn’t know if this was a joke, or some kind of long con, maybe Steve was going to out him, get revenge for the pounding Billy had given him, but it didn’t seem like something he’d do.

“Well, then what’s to lose?” Steve pressed.

“You should be careful.”

“I am, I’m telling you. I’m telling you because I know you like me, or at least, you want me.”

Billy blinked and reached across to grab his cigarette, it was nearly entirely composed of ash it had been sitting in the ashtray for so long, he could feel himself blushing, he tapped off the ash and took a long drag buying himself time. This was the craziest birthday he’d ever had. Fuck it, Billy thought.

“Alright Harrington, is there anything else you want to tell me?” Billy challenged.

“I like you too.”

Billy turned the half empty beer glass and picked it up and drained it, after that he picked up his whiskey and drained that too. He didn't know what to say, he wanted to shove Steve out of the booth, but if he did that, Steve might leave, and right now Steve was the only person in the world he wanted near him.

“What makes you so sure I like you.” Billy sank in the booth, feeling exposed.

“You never stop talking to me on the court, you give me shit in the hallways, you pelt me with peas in the cafeteria, like whose peas are those? You park near my car, I catch you staring at my mouth when I'm talking to you, usually in class when you have to listen to me, and it's you know, homework related, and um, other things, like you touch my arm or my shoulder when you don't really need to, like on the court and sometimes in the showers, when you walk past me, or say some bullshit like you want to hurt me, but then you say something almost nice afterwards...” It all poured out of Steve in a rush of words, Billy felt nearly drowned in the words, and felt horribly transparent.

“You're an idiot.” Billy grabbed a pretzels and chewed it up furiously. He looked over at Steve waiting for him to start prattling again, but Steve just looked, hurt.

“So I've heard.” Steve sounded mournful and sipped his beer. Billy ate another pretzel, feeling guilty, he lifted his gaze and looked at Steve, who looked so god damned sad, it gave Billy chest pains. Billy drew a slow breath and crushed out the old cigarette and grabbed Steve's pack off the table and lit a fresh one for himself.

“You're not an idiot.”

“Bullshit.” Steve let out a huff of mirthless laughter, “ *bull-shit* .” he repeated a little slower. Billy drew a breath and was about to speak when Connor appeared at their table.

“Hey Steve, you okay?” Connor was looking at Billy suspiciously.

“Yeah, I’m good. I’m really good. This is Billy, it’s his birthday, his, um, twenty-first birthday.” Billy looked at Steve who was winking at Connor, who obviously knew that Billy was underage.

“Happy Birthday Billy, how about another round on Steve?” Billy was about to say no when Steve piped up.

“Absolutely great idea, let’s get back to celebrating.” Steve slapped his palm on the table and smiled at both of them, Billy knew he was fronting, the smile didn’t reach Steve’s eyes.

“Coming right up.” Connor headed back to the bar.

“I borrowed my dad’s business credit card, I never thought he’d come to a dive like this, but Connor tipped me to it he recognized my last name, obviously, dad brings business buddies during the weekdays and dates during the weeknights.” Steve said all this in a light tone, but Billy wasn’t buying it. The news had stung Steve, Billy wasn’t sure how, or why, but it pained him, maybe it was the infidelity to his mother, Billy had no idea what Steve’s family was like. Steve leaned back in the booth looking up at the ceiling, his neck exposed and eyes closed. He was taking slow deep breaths, Billy wondered if he was moderating emotions or booze or both. Connor came back and set down two glasses of beer and two more shots, he glanced at Steve and looked like he was about to say something when a dropped glass shattered over by the pool tables, Connor rolled his eyes and walked over to the pool tables, “What’d I say about resting beer glasses on the fucking pool table?” Connor sounded pissed, Billy watched the bikers looking sheepish and then looked back at Steve, Steve still had his head rested, his chin up, his neck exposed and pale. Billy leaned over and planted a surreptitious kiss on the side of Steve’s throat. Steve opened his eyes and turned looking at Billy.

“What was that for?” Steve looked confused.

“It’s my birthday.” Billy shrugged and ate a chip.

“You kissed my neck because it’s your birthday.”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t follow.”

“I kissed your neck, because it’s my birthday and on my birthday, I do what I want.” Billy smiled softly, Steve admired his lips shamelessly, his eyes lingering on his pink pout.

“I think, you should do who you want on your birthday.”

“What?” Billy laughed in spite of himself. Steve smiled and shrugged a shoulder, he grabbed a tequila and held it up looking at Billy.

“I said I think you should do what you want on your birthday, I’m just agreeing with what you said. Cheers.” Steve squeezed Billy’s knee under the table and swallowed the shot down. Billy laughed again, it felt good, it felt weird, he couldn’t remember the last time he’d smiled so much, he picked up his tequila up ended the glass into his mouth, he wiped his lips on the back of his hand, he was starting to really feel the booze he’d been drinking.

“That is *not* what you said.” Billy was still chuckling.

“Then what did I say?” Steve looked at him innocently.

“You said, you should do *who* you want...” Billy started to lose his train of thought, Steve’s hand was gently caressing his thigh.

“Who I want?” Steve pointed at himself.

“Who *you* , want, not who *I* want.” Billy repeated, and laughed again, feeling confused by the alcohol, the word play and Steve’s roving hand.

“What?” Steve smiled and leaned closer, he planted and index finger on Billy’s chest, just next to his pendant making Billy shiver.

“You’re so drunk.” Billy snickered feeling very drunk himself.

“Me? What about you?”

“Yeah, I’m buzzed.” Billy admitted.

“You want to stay with me?”

“At your house?” Billy scoffed.

“No, no, not driving. I got a room. There’s a smotel across the street.” Steve pointed, frowned and then pointed again in the opposite direction.

“A smotel?”

Yeah, a smotel, you know...” Steve waved his hand in the air as if stirring up thoughts, “a small motel.” Steve finished brightly as if he’d managed to mask the fact that he’d slurred the word. Billy thought about sleeping in his car, it had to be less than twenty degrees outside, also he’d be alone on his birthday, or he could be alone with Harrington, in a nice *smotel* bed.

“Sure, just don’t get any ideas.” Billy said dryly, he felt Steve’s hand gently slide off his thigh and he wanted to kick himself, he couldn’t believe how seriously Steve took everything, but it was kind of admirable too.

“No, I mean, I’m not expecting anything. I just thought, you know, maybe you shouldn’t drive. The roads are going to ice, and it’s late, and you’ve been drinking with me...”

“It’s fine.”

“What’s fine?” Steve looked hopeful.

“Nothing, I mean, it’s cool, I wanna stay with you in your smotel room.” Billy shrugged.

“Okay, good.” Steve nodded and sipped at his beer. After Steve finished his beer and Billy annihilated the remaining snacks they walked out together. Steve followed him out and then told him to wait and ran back in. Billy suspected he was talking to Connor, he went back to the door and cracked it open, they were talking, Steve looked happy, leaning on the bar, Billy couldn’t hear what they were saying but he didn’t like the way Connor was leering at Steve. Billy squinted, he wondered when and where they’d fucked, at the lake? In Steve’s BMW? In the bar? He found himself burning with jealousy

and simultaneously getting a substantial boner. Steve practically skipped towards the door, Billy held the door open standing out of the way, he felt his waist get looped and Steve pulled Billy out of the frame and dashed halfway across the lot in a stumble step trot, Billy couldn't help but laugh as they careened wildly in the cold dark night, he looked up and watched a few stars arch and spin overhead. Their breath clouding in pale puffs of yellow under the dirty parking-lot lamp light, Billy wanted to remember every moment of his eighteenth birthday with Steve Harrington.

The motel was just a parking lot away, he spotted Steve's car as they slowed to a walk. Steve fished out the keys beaming at Billy.

"I'm so glad you walked into the bar, I feel, really, I just. I'm glad." Steve smiled. Billy's cheeks burned, he didn't know what to say or where to look. Steve had every reason in the world to hate him.

"Thanks, Harrington." Billy said quietly, he wasn't even sure if he'd been heard. Steve put the key in the door and opened it with a small flourish, he hit the lights illuminating a small room with twin beds. Billy took it all in, It wasn't bad, a little outdated, and kind of cheap looking with a weird duck hunting theme going on, but it beat the hell out of sleeping alone in his car on his birthday. He took a few steps in and walked over to a door and opened it finding a shallow closet, he opened another door and found a bathroom. Steve sat on a bed nearest to the window, he reached over and turned on the center bedside lamp and turned on the wall heater, there was a soft woosh of musty warm air that was blown into the room.

"The heaters are pretty good here." Steve walked back to the entranced and locked the door and flipped off the overhead light.

"You've stayed here before?" Billy tried to sound casual, as he sat on the opposite bed and pulled off his boots.

"Yeah, a couple times. I don't like driving drunk, I mean, if Hopper pulled me over, I'd be so embarrassed." Steve sat on the edge of his bed toeing off his Nikes.

"Why? I'm sure he pulls over a lot of drunks, what else is there to do around here?"

“He’s, well... I just, I don’t want him to, to think I don’t care.”

“Why do you care what he thinks?”

“He’s a good guy, that’s all. Not all cops are dicks. He’s kind of helped me and my friends through some shit.” Steve said vaguely.

“Which friends?”

“Nancy, Jonathan...”

“You’re so weird.”

“What? Why?”

“You just counted your ex-girlfriend and they guy that stole her from you as your friends.”

“He didn’t steal her, she chose him.” Steve stated numbly.

“Well she chose *wrong* .” Billy snapped, Steve sat up a little straight, he was momentarily startled but calmed quickly.

“No, she didn’t.” Steve looked at Billy, “She loves him, not me. I’m not, I’m not, I don’t know I’m not a good,” Billy stopped him mid-sentence by pulling him into kiss.

“Don’t say you’re not good enough.” Billy said quickly and kissed him again. Steve kissed him back, their lips parting, Steve sat forward crawling onto Billy, sustaining the kiss, Billy leaned back and pulled Steve closer by the collar of his sweater. Steve pulled away slowly.

“I’m not a good fit for her, is what I was going to say. I mean, I loved her, but now I love her like a sister, or whatever.” Steve explained. Billy felt himself go on a rollercoaster ride, he was terrified Steve was going to say he was still in love with Nancy, when Steve finished what he was saying, Billy sighed in relief.

“Maybe, I should, um...” Steve started to peel himself off of Billy. Billy pulled him back.

“Stay right here? I thought you didn’t want me to get any ideas?”



Billy sighed and sat up and pulled Steve back in his arms and laid on his side, they were nose to nose.

“You were right.”

“About what?” Steve looked lost.

“You were right...” Billy swallowed, he reached over Steve’s shoulder and turned off the bedside table lamp. Steve kissed Billy slowly, it was tender and gentle, not at all like the way Billy had kissed him, it made Billy burn from his lips to his stomach, to every nerve in his body. It was long and slow and Steve’s long lean arms folded around him squeezing him like his life depended on it.

“You like me too?” Steve’s lips brushed Billy’s as he spoke, Billy nodded.

“Cool.” Steve said in quiet amazement, he kissed Billy’s lips and Billy could feel a smile in it. It took some twisting and rearranging but soon they were burrowed under the blankets, pressed close in a single bed, both of them dressed with their legs entangled. Billy had a mild case of the spins, but felt too content to care.

“Did you really fuck Connor?” He asked sleepily.

“A few times, we don’t though anymore, he told me he’s not queer, and he’s engaged now.”

“He sure looks at you like he wants you.” Billy felt Steve’s shoulders raise and fall in the dark.

“I guess he wants to be a good fiance or whatever.” Steve attempted and failed to suppress a yawn and snuggled closer. Billy shifted accommodating him.

“Are you, you know...” Billy sighed heavily, he was exhausted, but feeling strangely buoyant.

“I like both. You?”

“I like, guys.” Billy had never said it outloud before.

“I like you.” Steve kissed Billy’s cheek.

“Shut up.” Billy kissed Steve, he experimented and made himself kiss Steve slowly, it felt pretty amazing, and Steve made the softest of humming murmurs that made the hair on the back of Billy’s neck stand up.

Steve kissed and nibbled and nuzzled, he’d been through every possible feeling imaginable figuring out just how stuck on Billy Hargrove he was. It was far from logical, and risky too, but Billy liked him too, and Billy was sexy and smart and tough, and even when he was saying weird shit to Steve, he always would sneak in something flattering, like ‘pretty boy’, or that one time he called him ‘a lady killer’, it hadn’t been the words so much as the look he’d given him when he’d said it.

“You make me kind of crazy.” Steve confessed. Billy said nothing. “I want to strangle you sometimes, you know, I mean, you’re kind of overwhelming.” Steve continued as he ran his palm over Billy’s cheek and throat, his thumb idling over Billy’s adam’s apple. Billy didn’t answer, his breathing was deep, and steady. Steve kissed Billy’s temple and waited for a reply, but Billy remained silent. The room was warm and Steve was drunk and drowsy, he thought Billy had fallen asleep in his arms, which made him feel ridiculously gratified. “Happy Birthday, Baby... I love you.” Steve whispered. Billy shivered hearing every word.